



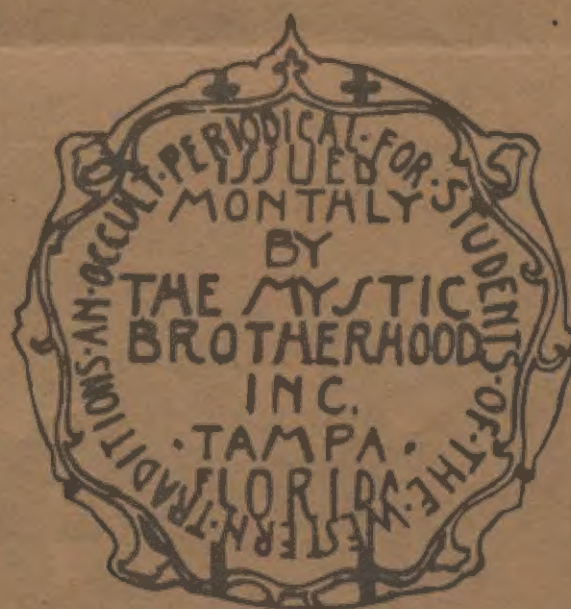
# The Mystic Messenger

OCTOBER

1942

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## MEDITATIONS AND PRAYERS FOR OCTOBER

Week from September 28th through October 4th

Meditation.....Not suffering but spiritual destitution is man's worst enemy.

Prayer....."My Father, in all my afflictions may I find Thy treasure! In my night-times may I see Thy stars! In my prisons may I meet Thine angels!"

Week from October 5th through October 11th

Meditation....."The progress of his life had consisted in exchanging coins of lesser value for those of greater worth until his treasury was filled with pure gold."  
.....Goethe

Prayer....."Infinite and Supreme One, take away all my petty and self-centered thoughts and give me the large and sympathetic thoughts of Christ. Remove the unworthy motives that the true alone shall guide my life."

Week from October 12th through October 18th

Meditation.....The lives of the immense majority are ruled by the fatal error that the more one possesses the more one enjoys. How many are there among us who are literally possessed by what they possess.

Prayer....."God of Grace, may I remember that I have to do more than make a living, I have to make a life! May I not spoil the one in seeking to gain the other!"

Week from October 19th through October 25th

Meditation....."It is always good to know, if only in passing, a charming human being; it refreshes one like flowers and woods and clear brooks.".....George Eliot

Prayer....."My Gracious Master, may my influence today be for good! May my fellowship be elevating, may all with whom I have to do feel the better for my communion. May the touch of Thy Divine Charm reach them thru me."

Week from October 26th through November 1st

Meditation....."All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist.".....Browning

Prayer....."Holy Spirit, may my consecration grow deeper and richer every day! May Thy grace have an everwidening dominion. May Thy Kingdom come within me."



# THE MYSTIC MESSENGER

The Mystic Messenger is a monthly periodical authorized by the Mystic Brotherhood as a channel for news of general interest to the students of the organization and articles of importance to followers of the Pathway of Western Occultism.....

"Tis the finite that suffers, the infinite lies stretched in silent repose."  
.....Emerson

The mirror of the human race, its history, reveals to us a panorama of men, great luminaries around whom humanity has revolved... a Moses, an Isaiah, a Christ impaled upon the Cross! In the opinion of H. G. Wells the greatest men in history are Jesus of Nazareth, Buddha, Asoka, Aristotle, Roger Bacon, and Abraham Lincoln. None of these men were great artists, builders, business men, but they inspired all genius, all spirit, all success unto all men.

Everything has its root in the mind. These men taught that calmness is the home of God. Stillness overcomes heat and motion. Kinetic energy can be had only from potential and potential energy is stillness. Cosmic life is stillness. In stillness there is no confusion. The word that shall slay and overcome the hydra of confusion and discord is Xristos (Christ, the Anointed One).

Plato said that happiness results from the pursuit of virtue. Happiness is freedom, for without freedom no virtue can be pursued. The Physician, Guide, Protector, Provider, Who is free and frees is the Xristos. He comes in Stillness and calm steals over us like a sunset over the purple hills at eventide. This is spiritual law in the natural world. This is progression.

The law in physics that two

bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time is also true in the spiritual realm. No negative state can exist where the positive state of mind prevails. This is knowledge, and knowledge is Truth. Truth knows no failure. Nothing daunts us, and so do we advance unto victory in all things, riding to success on a current of unconquerable power.

There is an indefinable yet a very real sense of the presence of this power running through us quicksilver-like which moves us to achievement and growth on all planes and spheres. And so do we inoculate others with conviction of success for the mind is a magnet and attracts like thoughts to itself.

Whether he recognizes it or not, man is bound to God, his good. That, many do not know is the derivation of the word religion, religio to bind. Religion divorced from Creed and Dogma is basically the life of God in the Soul of man. Thus we may have all things, attain all heights, for there is nothing of good separate from us. Our barriers are erected by our own ignorance and failure to accept what is ours.

Man has infinite capacity to know God (Good) and this knowledge sets him free. But he must train himself to know his good, to unfold that great inner consciousness

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Because he was born in Mars' month, which is ruled by that red war-god, they gave him the name of a

red star --- Aldebaran; the red star that is the eye of Taurus. And because he was born in Mars' month, the bloodstone became his signet, sure token that undaunted courage would be the jewel of his soul.

Now all his brothers were as stalwart and as straight of limb as he, and each one's horoscope held signs foretelling valorous deeds. But Aldebaran's so far out-blazed them all, with comet's trail and planets in most favourable conjunction, that from his first year it was known the Sword of Conquest should be his. This sword had passed from sire to son all down a line of kings. Not to the oldest one always, as did the throne, though now and then the lot fell so, but to the one to whom the signs all pointed as being worthiest to wield it.

So from the cradle it was destined for Aldebaran, and from the cradle it was his greatest teacher. His old nurse fed him with such tales of it, that even in his play the thought of such an heritage urged him to greater ventures than his mates dared take. Many a night he knelt beside his casement, gazing through the darkness at the red eye of Taurus, whispering to himself the words the old astrologers had written, "As Aldebaran the star shines in the heavens, so Aldebaran the man shall shine among his fellows."

Day after day the great ambition grew within him, bone of his bone and strength of his sinew, until it was as much a part of him as the strong heart beating in his breast. But only to one did he give voice to it, to the maiden Vesta, who had always shared his play. Now it chanced that she, too, bore the name of a star, and when he told her what the astrolo-

## THE JESTER'S SWORD

By Annie Fellows Johnston

girls had written, she repeated the words of her own destiny:

"As Vesta the star keeps watch in the heavens above the hearths of mortals, so Vesta the maiden shall keep eternal vigil beside the heart of him who of all men is the bravest."

When Aldebaran heard that he swore by the bloodstone on his finger that when the time was ripe for him to wield the sword he would show the world a far greater courage than it had ever known before. And Vesta smiling, promised by that same token to keep vigil by one fire only, the fire that she had kindled in his heart.

One by one his elder brothers grew up and went out into the world to win their fortunes, and like a restless steed that frets against the rein, impatient to be off, he chafed against delay and longed to follow. For now the ambition that had grown with his growth had come to be more than bone of his bone and strength of his sinew. It was an all-consuming desire which coursed through him even as his heart's blood; for with the years had come an added reason for the keeping of his youthful vow. Only in that way could Vesta's destiny be linked with his.

When the great day came at last for the Sword to be put into his hands, with a blare of trumpets the castle gates flew open, and a long procession of nobles filed through. To the sound of cheers and ringing of bells, Aldebaran fared forth on his quest. The old king, his father, stepped down in the morning sun, and with bared head Aldebaran knelt to receive his blessing. With his hand on the Sword he swore that he would not come home again, until he had made a braver conquest than had ever been made with it before, and by the bloodstone of his fin-

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Everyone of us casts a shadow.....I don't mean the shadow of the physical form but there hovers around us a sort of penumbra..... a strange, indefinable something .....which we call personal influence and its effect is felt on every other life we contact. This shadow goes with us wherever we go. It is not something we can have when we want to have it and then lay aside when we will, as we lay aside a garment. It is something that always pours out from our life like light from a lamp, like heat from flame, like perfume from a flower. No one can live and not have influence.

## OUR SHADOWS

BY.....ANDRE



One very understanding writer said.....  
 "No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disk of non-existence, to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world; everywhere his presence or absence will be felt, everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence."

Those are true words. To be at all is to have influence either for good or evil, over other lives.

The ministry of personal influence is something very precious and wonderful. It is like an ethereal power, intangible but unmistakable that radiates from us, generally without our being at all conscious of it. Many times beauty and blessing has been brought into countless lives by the influence of one noble act. The disciples saw their Master praying and were so impressed by his earnestness, by the radiance they saw on His face as He communed with His Father that when He joined them again they asked Him to teach them how to pray. Every true soul is impressed continually by the glimpses it has of loveliness, of holiness, of nobleness in others.

As much as the things we do directly to encourage, comfort and help others does this silent influence affect them. It can give the lie to the things we do with our hands and the words we speak, it can point to us the shameful finger of hypocrite, if it is an influence devoid of sincerity, an empty shell for what is done in duty's dry name, simply for the sake of appearances.

This shadow does not pass with the passing of an earthly life, of whatever it is composed it lives on affecting those that are left to the extent and degree of its nature. The memory of a beautiful life is a blessing, it leaves with us an abiding vision. As Longfellow wrote....."When a great man dies, for years beyond our ken.....the light he leaves behind him lies upon the paths of men."

What can we do to assure an influence that is like the dewy beauty of a sunrise, the strong light of noonday, like the tranquil glory of a sunset? There is no way, but sincerely living our lives true to our highest Ideals. In the measure in which we express the Christ Within is our lives a benediction to mankind.



# Gleanings from Students' Letters

"It is my determination to be a little more grateful, less critical and a little more appreciate of the good in those around and above all have faith that God's plan is a better plan than mine and adjust my mind accordingly."

.....Bertha Tingley F.M.B.

Behind closed lids there is a world  
of light,  
Immense as all the heavens  
And real as life itself. —  
A world of sound, not sounding  
brass or reed or pipe,  
Scent not of flower or tomb.  
The cool, damp water-air of sea-  
shores never seen,  
The balanced, easy rhythmic flow,  
All give a promise of a world of  
truth  
Not sensible, not reasoned, but  
perceived.

.....Chandler Boyce

Many years ago while I was a much younger man I was one day walking leisurely on a side walk in a small country town. I was meditating after my own not too systematic way upon the many perplexing problems of my own life that were confronting me. My object just now is not to state anything about those problems that existed or appeared to exist at that time. But how a new problem (to me) was spontaneously brought to my attention. A young man approached me from the rear and without any ceremony slapped me on my back and remarked ..... "Mr. Lichty, I have chosen you as my pattern of a man, and I am glad I have done so. You are representing just what I want to be like and if you should make a mistake and I would follow it - you would be to blame."

As kindly as I could I asked

him not to do this for I was full of faults, I told him he should take the Master Jesus for his pattern. We know of course that man would rather take another man whom they can see for a pattern than to take any pattern that appears so abstract as the Master does to some who can not understand the truth about His many simple, great teachings. And when we come to the place where we find ourselves prepared and trained to take notice that others are and have been watching us and that we cannot turn away and say "Look to Jesus" in the same way it formerly seemed proper, we come to ourselves and find that the same cross that lay on Him is very true for us also. we must go, come ahead, some slower, but all ever in the same direction putting His stamp on everything we touch, say or think. "Let the same mind be in you."

.....Amon Lichty F.M.B.

It is hard for us to understand what is going on in the World today but we can refuse to be thrown off balance and made bitter by it. If loving a group is too much for us to swallow we can still love ordinary people. It seems to me if we would for awhile spend more time contacting the human spirit and less in seeking Astral spirits it might help us see ourselves as we really are, the good and the bad revealed. From this experience we get a more tolerant attitude toward the faults of others. We should use occult knowledge to analyze not criticize. Failure to use the knowledge we have is lack of Wisdom. "Happy is the man who findeth Wisdom" was given to us by a man who knew.

.....Harry Dare F.M.B.



Selwin came to the crossroads on his way to the land he had sought so long. To the left a highway ran straight and smooth into the mist. A sign pointed to it: "The way to Peace and Rest." To the right ran a narrow, rocky path that wound upward into the clouds. A sign bore the legend: "The way to Labor and Strife."

"None but a fool," Selwin mused, "would take the way to labor and strife when peace and rest are at hand. I shall take the road to the left."

He walked along the highway where the gentle, rose-tinted mists curled and drifted in the sunshine. Presently he was among trees and flowers, walking over a thick sod that was like an oriental carpet for softness and beauty.

It was indeed a country of peace and rest, the land of which Selwin had dreamed. With a sigh of utter contentment he lay down on the grass and looked upward into a cloudless sky. The restful green of the trees spread above him, the fragrance of a myriad of flowers filled the air, and the low hum of bees lulled him to sleep.

The scene had not changed when he awakened. He felt the desire for food, and suddenly it was by his side, as though it had been crystallized into reality by his thought. He wished for fine clothes, and instantly he was dressed in raiment as beautiful and multi-colored as the summer dawn.

He moved in and out among the trees, glorying in the peace and stillness, the gorgeous blossoms, the thick carpet of grass beneath his feet, the cloudless sky and the low music of the bees.

There were people in this marvelous land, but they remained silent and unobtrusive, each a world unto himself that troubled

## THE PROMISED LAND

By..Alan M. Emley

not his fellows. Two old men had begun a game of chess, but had fallen asleep before they had finished.

A youth was doing simple sums in a dusty place, scratching the figures with a stick. His answers were wrong, but no one bothered to correct him. The sun remained poised at perpetual noon. No cloud marred the blue of the sky.

It was a place of supreme contentment, a land where Nature was asleep and Time stood still. Yet Selwin began to feel a strange restlessness that he could not understand. He had found the country of his dreams, yet something was lacking.

He looked out over the lovely green, and in imagination began to people the vast expanse with laborers who turned the sod into furrows, and planted and tilled and reaped. On the horizon he visualized towns and cities where men toiled long and mightily at wheel and forge, building, producing and learning.

An old man passed by, silently gazing at the carpet of green at his feet, and Selwin accosted him.

"Would you like to join with me in digging up the meadow and planting it in corn?"

The old man lifted his head and stated with unbelieving eyes.

"What you say is blasphemy," he croaked. "No one can work in this land of peace and rest. It is not permitted. You would destroy the wonderful things that we have."

Selwin stood pondering. No one could work in this land, for it was not permitted. Every desire was gratified by some power that moved like an invisible hand. There was nothing to do.

He looked up into the cloudless sky where the sun remained poised at perpetual noon. Then he clenched his hands.

"I will not stay here!" he  
(Continued on page 6)



(Continued from page 1)

which carries with it the ability to win for it knows nothing other than victory, quiet, sure, strong, just victory.

.....Sri Veritus

(Continued from page 2)

ger the old king knew that Aldebaran would fail not.

With the godspeed of the villagers ringing in his ears, he rode away. Only once he paused to look back, when a white hand fluttered at a casement, and Vesta's sorrowful face shone down on him like a star. Then she, too, saw the bloodstone on his finger as he waved her a farewell, and she, too, knew by that token he would fail not in the keeping of his oath. (To be continued in next month's Messenger).

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shouted aloud. "I must go somewhere. Anywhere is better than this place of dry-rot and stagnation." (To be continued in next month's Messenger).

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N O T I C E \*\*\*\*\* N O T I C E

### THE TREE OF LIFE

After some little time of careful research, checking and arrangement, the Brotherhood has prepared a complete Chart of the Tree. This is the first time it has been possible for students to obtain such a chart, one which includes in addition to all the better known associations those such as the chakras, Egyptian gods, etc. It will be invaluable to the Cabalistic student and a wonderful help to the beginner in esoteric work. As a diagrammatic decoration in the Sanctum it will be both im-

pressive and stimulating to an expansion of consciousness.

The Chart will be the size of this page, printed on good quality white cardboard. Directions for tinting will be indicated on the chart. The Brotherhood Artist has kindly offered to assist those who feel they are unable to satisfactorily color the chart, doing this in water color for them upon special arrangement through the personal Teacher.

The expense of the Chart has been approximated as \$1.00. Orders may be placed now.

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It has been suggested by a number of our students that a group prayer be offered by all members of the Brotherhood for the men in the Service. It is a fine suggestion which we urge that all participate in. It may be added to the customary Noon-Day salutation. "Great God and Protector of mankind! Hear us when we pray for all in the service of our Country. They are the hope of suffering humanity everywhere and the promise of peace, justice and well-being in the world again. May the Light of the Cross guide them, the Strength of the Everlasting Arms support them and the Vision of mankind's highest Good inspire them and carry them on to Victory."



ATTENTION.....  
concerning letters..

Due to existing conditions there may be occasional delays in the arrival of personal letters from Teachers. Except in special instances, we are continuing to enclose the letters with the weekly lecture. Be sure to open your lecture when received, the letter you have been looking forward to may be enclosed. We appreciate your patience and your understanding cooperation in the correspondence.



## *Additional Curriculum Material*

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